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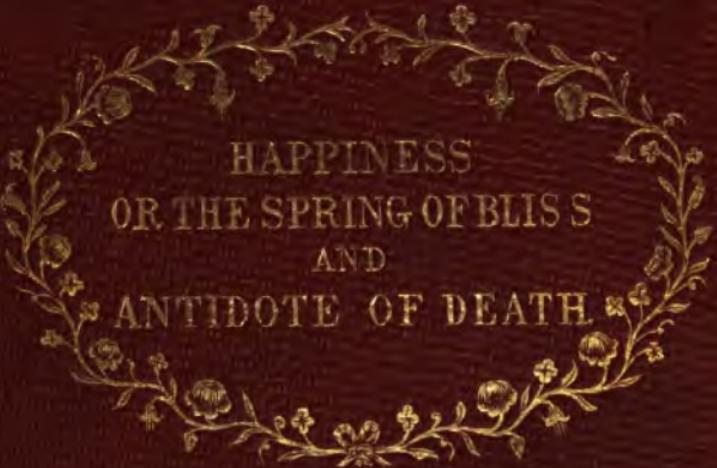
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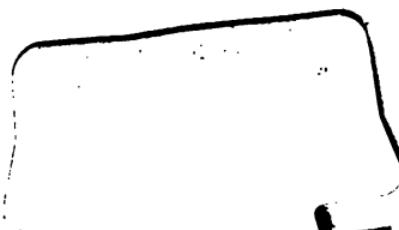
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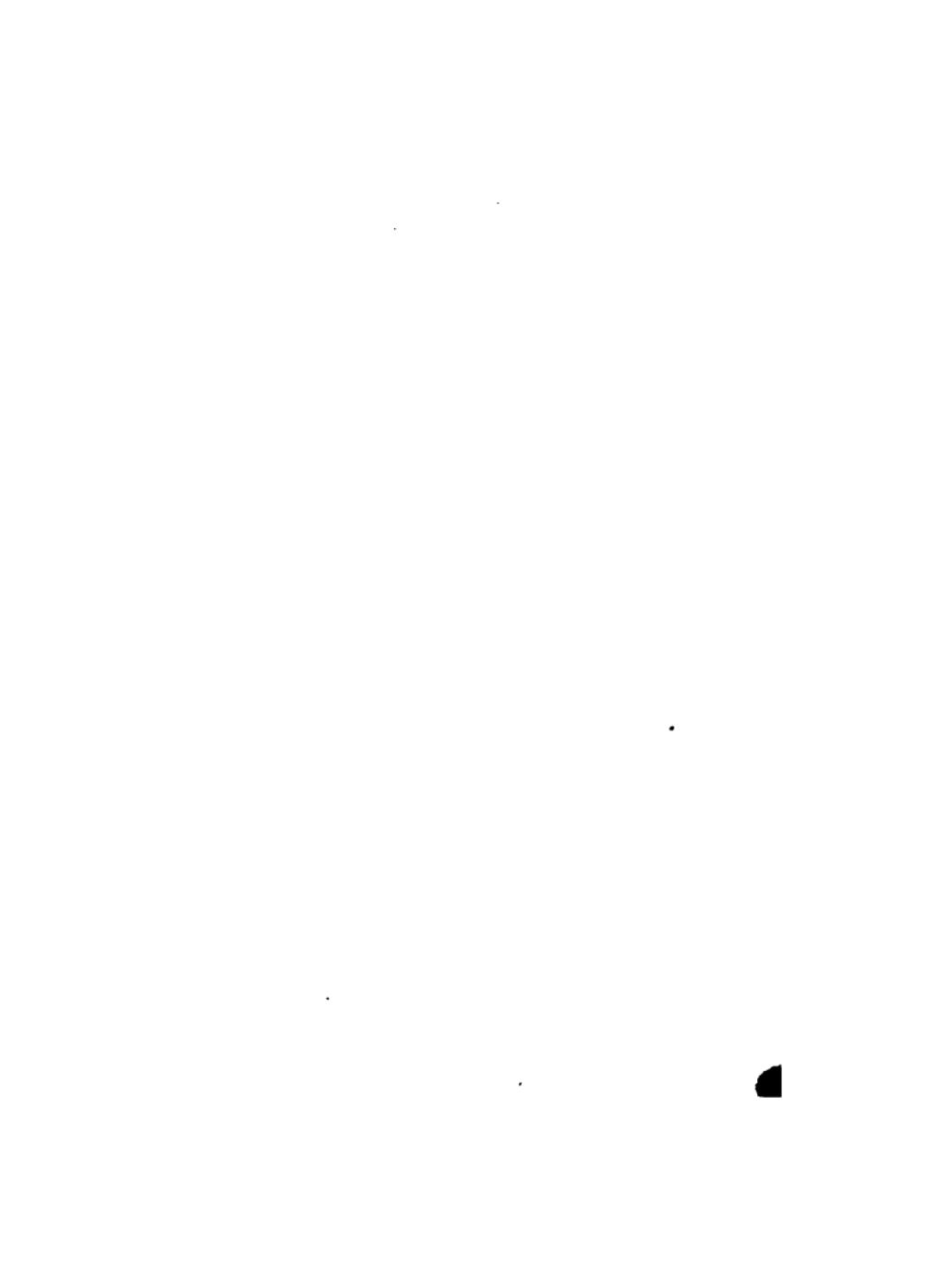


HAPPINESS
OR THE SPRING OF BLISS
AND
ANTIDOTE OF DEATH



1







HAPPINESS,

OR

THE SECRET SPRING OF BLISS,

AND

ANTIDOTE OF DEATH.

BY ELIZA DUPE,

A MEMBER OF THE WORKING CLASS.

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PREFACE.

CHRISTIAN Friends, without making any pretensions to either learning, eloquence, or science, and with the deep-felt consciousness that there are brighter lights shining on every side around me, I introduce my little work to your notice, requesting serious meditation on the truths it contains.

Having been brought by the power of divine grace into the path of piety in childhood, I have known the Scriptures from my earliest youth; and some time since, while reading them, I was struck with the power and force of these words, "ye are the light of the world," and by the still stronger power of the Saviour's command, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

As I read these words, the thought of writing a book was suggested to my mind; but conscious of the educational deficiency that would accompany a work of mine, making it to appear any thing but brilliant when compared with the works of more gifted and better educated authors around me, I relinquished the idea.

Shortly after doing so, as I was walking one evening, I was attracted by the brightness of a star that was shining near to the

moon. Language could not express the stern reproof the silent rays of that little star gave me, as it shone beside the brighter beams of the nocturnal luminary, in obedience to his divine command, who has given one glory to the sun, and another glory to the moon, and another to the stars, according to the dictates of his will. As I looked at the less brilliant though clear and beautiful rays of the fair companion of the moon, I resolved to imitate it; and although the light that I should give would be as its tiny rays when compared with the brighter beams of light reflected from other minds, and with entire dependence upon the aid of that Almighty Spirit, who is able out of the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, for the brighter manifestation of his glory, and the fuller demonstration of his power, I send my little book into the world, nothing doubting but it will be blest to the conversion of many souls, notwithstanding any imperfections that may stain its pages; because it contains the grand and fundamental doctrines of that Gospel, which alone are able to make us wise unto salvation. Therefore, blest by his sacred influence, I feel assured, that the words which I have written will be as bread cast on the waters, which shall be seen after many days.

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1

—

HAPPINESS,
OR THE SECRET SPRING OF BLISS.

O tell me where the main pursuit
Of one and all is found;
Fair Happiness! for every foot
In search of it is bound.

But tell, O tell me, where's the place
That Happiness is found;
For thousands set out in its chase,
Come back with sorrow crown'd.

From ball-room and from theatre
The throng with half-clos'd eyes
Return, o'erpower'd with languor,
Without the sought-for prize.

While gold-diggers and libertines
Confess with gloomy air,
That they have open'd the wrong mines,
Happiness is not there.

Then comes the drunkard's giddy train,
Who with united breath
Say they have sought for bliss in vain,
In sin, disgrace, and death.

The merchant too, and mariner,
Return with down-cast eyes,
Exclaiming, with the warrior,
'Tis not below the skies.

Strange tidings! when our inmost souls
Seem made for Happiness!
They were, cries Jesus, and unfolds
The secret spring of bliss.

Hid in the bosom of his love,
A deep and wide abyss,
Enough to fill each soul, 'twould prove,
With perfect Happiness.

O why then wander, toil, or dig
In vain, in search of bliss?
Go, seek it where alone 'tis hid,
In Jesu's love and grace.

Go, for 'tis there, and there alone,
You will true pleasure find;
So seek it there, for there alone
Is bliss that fits the mind.

'Tis only in that shoreless sea
Of boundless joy we find
Pleasures that are as vast, as free,
And deathless as the mind.

THAT happiness is in some form or other the main object of universal pursuit, will be readily admitted. All wish to be happy, and therefore all seek to be so in some way or other. Look at the little child, almost as soon as it can walk it runs in search of happiness, although it is but in the shape of mischief. A few years roll on,

And childhood, ripened into youth,
Brings forth the full-grown man.

But the full-grown man is just as eager in the pursuit of happiness as when a child, only he now seeks it in another form, for it is still the desire of his inmost soul; and should he look for it through every channel in this world where he had fondly hoped to find it, but in vain, it would not in the least degree lessen his desire for it; and even though death should forbid a further search for it below, still would he pant to quench the raging thirst of his immortal soul at the exhilarating fountain of perfect bliss above. But, alas! should he be denied that, it would rather I think increase that desire.

for infinite as the soul is, its desire is for happiness, because it is made for happiness; and therefore neither the chilling floods of death nor the burning flames of hell, will be any more able to destroy the desire of the soul for happiness, than they will the soul itself. We see a full proof of this in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus; water being such a scarce and valuable thing in the East it is often used as a metaphor to symbolize happiness. In heaven it is said that "there is a river clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb." Perhaps having such an abundance of water as we have, we cannot fully understand this metaphor, as having respect to any thing that we should term so desirable as happiness but if we were in the East for a little time we should soon understand it much better because it is the most desirable thing that can be obtained in that country. Travelling over its burning sands, many a poor pilgrim faints for want of it; and the Saviour tells us, that "the rich man died, and was buried, and that in hell he lifted up his eyes, bein

in torments, and seeing Abraham afar off with Lazarus in his bosom, he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy upon me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame."

How plainly does this shew, that it is the desire of the lost to obtain happiness, even when far beyond their reach; therefore how requisite it is that one and all should know the place where happiness, infinite as the mind and immortal as the soul, may be found. For, alas! alas! how many there are who seek for bliss in vain,

Because they seek it here below,
Where nought but thorns and thistles grow.

While thousands forsake the fountain of life and happiness, and fall into the burning abyss of endless woe, by overstepping the boundary line of the Almighty, in trying to grasp what they think to be happiness, but what is, alas! only like the deceitful mirage of the desert, a mere reflection, which promises much in the distance, but yields

nothing but vexation and disappointment to them that chase it.

A remarkable instance of this occurred during the passage of the French army across the desert, at the time of Napoleon's expedition to Egypt. "When morning dawned," says the historian who describes the scene, "the army found itself traversing boundless plains of sand, without water or shade, with a burning sun over their heads. All the wells on the road were exhausted; hardly a few drops of muddy or brackish water was to be found to quench their raging thirst; but in the midst of this scene of general depression, a sudden gleam of hope illuminated the countenance of the parching soldiers. A lake appeared in the wilderness, with villages and palm-trees clearly reflected on its glassy surface. Instantly the troops hastened to the enchanted spot, but it receded from their steps; again and again they pressed on with burning impatience, but it for ever fled from their approach; and they had a length the mortification of discerning tha

they had been chasing only the deceitful mirage of the desert, which is an optical illusion produced by a refraction of the atmosphere, which only tantalizes the eye of the thirsty traveller, when passing over the burning desert, with the image of water."

Just so does the deceitful mirage of this world tantalize and deceive the thirsty pilgrims of life, as they pass on from time to eternity. Some it attracts by wealth, some by pleasure, some by fame; but whatever may be the form by which it attracts the poor pilgrim, it always deceives him. Look, for instance, at Lord Chesterfield, who has been emphatically styled by some the high priest of the world's vanities. Born to rank, wealth, and talent, early in life, it is said, he started out with a full determination of enjoying the pleasures of this world. But was he happy? Did he really find happiness, such as could satisfy the infinite cravings of his immortal soul, in the giddy rounds of this world's pleasures? O no! Let his own words, which he

penned in the evening of his life, tell the sad tale of his disappointed hopes and wasted time. "I have run," says he, "the silly round of pleasure. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of this world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret them less. I appraise them at their real value, which is in truth very low; whereas those who have not experienced them always overrate them; they only see the gay outside, and are dazzled with their glare; but I have been behind the scenes, and have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machine. I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decorations, to the astonishment and admiration of an ignorant audience. I look back on all that is past as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly produces, and I have no wish to repeat the nauseous dose. I have been vain and wicked as Solomon, but am now at last able to feel and attest the truth of his reflection, that 'all is vanity and vexation

of spirit.' But shall I tell you that I bear my present situation with resignation? No; I bear it because I must bear it; I think of nothing but killing time the best way I can, now that it has become my enemy." O what a confession was this to make! but thousands besides have made much the same. Look at the man who madly seeks for the jewel happiness in the gold mines of unbounded wealth, and you will find that he is as unsuccessful as those who seek it amid the painted scenes of this world's pleasures; it is not in wealth that the soul can find the happiness for which it craves. It is said of Colonel Charteris, who had accumulated piles of wealth, that he was heard to say when living, that "although he would not give a farthing for virtue, he would give ten thousand pounds for a good character, because he could get a hundred thousand by it. But when dying, he found all his piles of wealth such a poor substitute for a peaceful conscience, that he offered thirty thousand pounds to any one who could clearly prove to him that there was

no such a place as hell. For although he had got so much of that dear omnipotent dust, as John Foster calls it, he found, although money can do wonders in some respects, it had not the omnipotence to suppress either the lightning flashes of fiction, or the power to still the peal of thunders of the awakened conscience of the dying sinner." No, it is not in the power of wealth either to impart real happiness to the living, or solid comfort to the dying.

I shall say but little about those who seek for happiness in that cold yellow dust of the earth, namely, money, for in a great many characters beside the money there is in general something to be blamed, though there may be much to blame in the love of money being the root of all evil when once it takes root in the heart, like some noxious weed,

It overspreads the soul,
And choaks up every virtue there.

The very eyes of a money lover bespeak the extreme poverty and desperate baseness of his inmost soul.

But I shall now pass on to a more interesting character, although one equally unsuccessful in the pursuit of happiness, namely, the highly gifted Lord Byron, or the perfect libertine, who can much better speak for himself than I can for him. In regard to the happiness he found in his lawless and unbounded search for it, gifted alike by nature and by fortune, and entrusted with talents of the choicest kind and highest value, behold him just entering into the full enjoyment of the world, amid the acclamations of the nation, and the warmest applause of applauding men, with the whole interior of high life thrown open to him. What a brilliant prospect was his! One would certainly have thought, that with a mind like his, and with such a prospect before him, he really would have found the jewel happiness. But no; to use his own words, he felt inward dissatisfaction, because every thing failed to secure to him the happiness for which he sought, and therefore his life became a source of wretchedness to himself; he was indeed sick of it. "If I was to

live over again," he writes, "I do not know what I should change in my life, except not to live at all." Similar sentiments he also expressed in poetry ;

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen :
Count o'er the days from anguish free :
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

On the last birthday which he was permitted to see, again he expresses in touching lines his lonely and wretched condition : he writes,

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone ;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom plays,
Is lone as some volcanic isle ;
No torch is kindled at its blaze,
A funeral pile.

Shortly after composing these lines, he was arrested by the rude hand of death. "The death-bed of the highly-gifted Lord Byron was a painful spectacle," says an

eyewitness of it, "such as I never before had seen; I never felt as I did that evening. There laid the gifted Lord Byron, in all the paleness of death, gradually expiring, who had been the object of universal attention, and who had even from youth been intoxicated with the idolatry of men, but forsaken, and without even the consolation of breathing out his last sigh in the arms of some dear friend. Destitute and deserted, he finished his earthly course. His habitation was weather-tight, but that was all the comfort his deplorable room afforded. Sad was the scene; no gleam of joy or ray of hope illumined the melancholy scene, or brightened the pallid features of the dying poet. All was dark and hopeless as the grave. And amid this more than Egyptian darkness, without a tear of penitence or hope of pardon, the gifted Byron expired." O how sad it is to think, that a man gifted as he was, with a mind indeed little lower than an angel's, should have lived and died as he did! Had he but have employed his talents for the glory of God, eminent would have

been his happiness, immortal his name, and eternal his glory.

But now his day and glory's o'er,
His sun has set, to rise no more!

But we pass on to another, who was quite as unsuccessful in his search after happiness, Alexander the Great, who will at once be recognised as the warrior and the drunkard. As a warrior, matchless were his victories, and potent his power, while on his glittering sword might have been embossed, Victory! Victory! as he went forth conquering and to conquer, into kingdoms that yielded to him at his approach. But with all his victories, Alexander was far from being happy. It is said of him, that when he had plundered provinces and conquered kingdoms till there was no more to conquer, that he sat down and wept, because there was not another kingdom left for him to conquer. But here I differ from the general opinion, because I do not think that he sat down and wept merely because there was not another kingdom for him to conquer; I rather think that he sat down and wept

because he could not find the happiness for which he sought in all the kingdoms which he had conquered, because he seems to look for happiness in another direction, namely, in the soul-polluting and life-destroying stimulants of strong drink. But, like all others who have sought for happiness in that direction, he failed; and instead of happiness, found only sin, disgrace, and death, and death too in the very prime of his life, and flower of his age; therefore, all that we can say of this mighty warrior is, that he died drunk; and consequently, notwithstanding all his victories, must have sunk disgraced and righteously condemned into the burning abyss of everlasting woe.

The merchant too and mariner, though they brave the broad billows of the Atlantic, make many discoveries, and bring home precious pearls to us from the bottom of the sea, and from the bowels of the earth; yet they do not bring home the pearl happiness to us; for the depth saith, It is not in me, and the earth replies, I neither gender nor produce it; therefore it is no wonder that

they do not bring it to us, or that they do not find it for themselves.

Because they seek it where
It can ne'er be found.

Captain Cook sailed three times round the globe, but with all his discoveries he did not discover the secret mine where the bright jewel of perfect bliss could be found.

But lastly, we shall refer to Nelson, whose life will at once plainly shew that happiness is neither to be found in the din of battle, nor in the brightest laurels that crown the bravest victor's brow. Wherever the cannon thundered on the deep, it might be said, there was Nelson. Our Nel, the sailors used to say, is as brave as a lion. And so he was; heedless of danger, and fearless of death; he was foremost in the fight, till either in agony or triumph, he was wafted from the siege amid the well-deserved applause of his countrymen, to be crowned with the brightest honours of the potentate and peers of the land. Returning from the battle of the Nile, he was elevated to the peerage by the title of Baron Nelson of the

Nile. But in the very height of his glory, when diamond-hilted swords and crosses of honour were being presented to him, he was utterly unable to enjoy his greatness, owing to an injury done to a nerve in the amputation of one of his arms, through which he had scarcely any intermission of pain day or night. For three months after his return to England, therefore, in the midst of his honours, he was deprived of even the humble peasant's boon, sweet kind refreshing sleep. But even after this evil was removed, Nelson was not happy with all his honours; for such was the secret unhappiness of his heart, that in one of his private letters to a friend he wrote, "there is no true happiness in this present life, and in my present state I would quit it with a smile; not that I am insensible of the honours that my king and country have heaped upon me, yet I should be willing to quit this world of trouble and envy." How plainly do the words of Nelson shew the unsatisfactory nature of the highest honours, and brightest pleasures, of which this world can boast! Truly may we say,

The brightest honours earth can boast,
Give but a flattering light,
Which, like its brightest joys, are lost
In darkness, sorrow, night.

What madness is it then to attempt to fill so large a vessel as the soul with a few drops of carnal pleasure, when the soul is too capacious to be filled with all the pleasures and delights of this world put together; for it is impossible for the scanty and imperfect excellences of earth to fill the enlarged capacities of an immortal soul; for had they perfection, they must have perpetuity too, ere they could fulfil the infinite desires of a deathless and immortal spirit. For the soul to be happy, it must have pleasures vast as itself, immortal as its nature, and lasting as eternity; so that it may be able to say with the Christian,

The fadeless pleasures of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave this poor dying world behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

But as I have endeavoured by undeniable facts from real life to shew that happiness

such as this cannot be found on those bleak coasts of mortality and death, I must now direct my reader to the secret and only place where such happiness can be found, as can satisfy the soul in life, make it joyful in death, and happy throughout the countless ages of eternity. But when I say, that the secret spring of bliss, such as this, is to be found in God alone, I fear there are many who will look very sorrowful; because the general opinion is, that religion is such a gloomy thing, that it is only fit for a dying bed. But what a delusion it is, to suppose for a moment that the path of piety is not the path of happiness, when all its ways are pleasantness, and all its paths are peace! There are thousands who can attest the truth of this, and tell you, by dear bought experience, that all the happiness that can be found in the whole creation is nothing, and even less than nothing, when compared with the happiness which flows from the infinite bosom of an unchanging God, who alone is able to fill the soul with happiness, sufficient to meet its vast desires. What folly is it

then to attempt to float such a vessel as the soul on a little stagnant pool of carnal pleasure, when it was intended to float on the unfathomable ocean of perpetual bliss, and everlasting glory! Would you be happy? then seek to be so, by turning from the paths of sin and the sinful fleeting pleasures of time, to walk in the paths of piety and peace, beneath the bright sunshine of His face, "in whose presence there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore." Then may we say with Augustine, that there is a heaven in the way to heaven; and that one look of faith, one smile of Christ, one glance of heaven, and one glimpse of glory's fadeless crown, will yield more sweetness, comfort, and contentment, than all the pleasures that the world can boast. The very gleaning of spiritual joy, it has been said, is better than the vintage of carnal delights; as one of our poets has said,

To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.



God is the fountain of happiness, as well as the fountain of blessedness and life; therefore the soul that dwelleth in God, must dwell in bliss, even though it be in this veil of tears below, for it is impossible to live near to God, without being happy; it is his bright smiles that makes the bliss of heaven. O why then should we not all be happy? God is willing to bless every soul that seeks his face, through the person of his beloved Son, and Jesus is willing to receive all them that cometh unto God by him; for he says, "him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." The Holy Spirit is willing to sanctify all, and guide all into the path of perfect holiness and everlasting happiness. Why then do we not seek his divine aid, and be blessed for evermore, in this "the accepted time, in this the day of salvation," ere the door of mercy is closed, or the fountain of eternal happiness is denied to us for ever?

Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil:
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

Those are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind ;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

NEWTON.

FRIENDSHIP,
OR THE JOY OF LIFE.

O Friendship! thou soother of care,
And parent of pleasures untold!
Thou treasure of treasures most rare,
Thy worth's above rubies or gold!

Had I from the depths of the earth,
Or still deeper depths of the sea,
All the gold and the gems both are worth,
I'd part with it all before thee.

The brightest of gold has alloy,
And gems are all cold as the earth;
More pride do they gender than joy,
Whatever their beauty or worth.

Though riches may dazzle the sight,
The heart's warmest blood they oft freeze;
But Friendship has charms of delight,
On which we uninjur'd may gaze.

But where, O where shall we hasten?
To what happy clime shall we go?
Where its sunbeams fully ripen
The blossoms of Friendship below.

Methinks, would we find them, that we
On high like the eagle must soar;
For along the coasts of life's sea
Its blighted buds cover the shore.

IT has been said, that Friendship is the only thing in the world, concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed. And well they may be agreed on this point; for just what the sun is to the solar system, Friendship is to the social system; snap its bands, and you dissolve the universe, for the chain that binds the universe is love: annihilate Friendship, and you would curse the world indeed; thorns and thistles alone would it bring forth, while death and darkness, chaos and despair, would pace its desert sands; for it is that which binds heart to heart, soul to soul, God to man, and man to God; therefore it is one of the many necessities of life, without which life itself would be a misery, death a boon, and heaven a hell. Therefore I am not going to speak at all disparagingly of human Friendship; for frail though it be, it is to

earth a blessing, without which no other could be enjoyed.

'Mid the anguish that preys on the breast,
And the storms of mortality's state,
What can lull the afflicted to rest,
Like the joys that on sympathy wait?

Real Friendship is the brightest gem of which the world can boast, there is no other that can be compared with it; but sweet and precious as the bright jewel Friendship is, it is very brittle, therefore we find it is a thing whereon we dare not rest; but still we all desire to know its joy, and share its tender sympathies. So sweet is even human friendship, that to take it away would make earth a desert, and life a blank. But sweet as are its joys, as friend after friend departs, while others change or die, our inmost spirits seem to say, Is there no friend that cannot change, no friend that will not die, on which the soul may rest? O yes; there is a Friend indeed, immortal, faithful, kind, and true; whose love will never change, whose power will never fail, nor glory fade away. O what a friend is

this to rest upon ! Who would not like such a friend ? To have a poor friend a blessing, but to have a rich and almighty friend is much better ; for it makes the poorest rich, when they find such a friend as can help them in every time of need, every hour of sorrow, and who can comfort them in the trying hour of bereavement, and the solemn hour of death. There is but one friend that can effectually do this. Although others may try to do their best, yet there are seasons when we want a more than human friend to comfort and support us even while passing through the storms of life, beside when passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death. But what comfort it is, that in the friend of sinners even Jesus, we find the friend for all seasons whose love is mighty as his power, tender as his sympathy, and infinite as his grace. O it is worth while for any one to be religious, if it were only to have the sweet friendship and tender sympathy of Jesus while passing through this vale of tears, where the cup of sorrow passes from hand to hand.

to hand, from heart to heart, and from soul to soul; even if death were an eternal sleep, if there were no hereafter, it would be worth while for any one to be a Christian, to have a friend like Jesus, who can bind up the broken-hearted, and heal the bleeding wounds of bereavement. But how impossible it is for the best and kindest of human friends to do this; to sympathize with the sorrowing and the suffering is the very best they can do. "Take, take the money," said poor uncle Tom's wife to Mrs. Shelby, when she heard that he was dead; "for you no heal my poor bleeding broken heart." "No," replied Mrs. Shelby, "I know that, but Jesus can, for He healeth the broken-hearted, and binds up all their wounds." What a sweet truth is this, that although friend after friend is torn from us by the rude hand of death, there is still another friend who cannot change, and who will not die, that can bind up our poor broken bleeding hearts when bereaved of other friends! O never do we need a friend so much as in the trying hour of

bereavement, excepting in the solemn hour of death. But though human friendship may help to sooth us then by its kind sympathies, it cannot effectually relieve us; for then "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," and no less than an Almighty friend it needs to sooth its pain, or alleviate its anguish: how sweet it is then to have a friend who can brighten the joys of prosperity, lessen the sorrows of adversity, heal the wounds of bereavement, and lighten us, as we pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death, with the bright smiles of his own unchanging love! O what a friend then is Jesus! Surely we all should gladly embrace him, for we must all die, and he is the only friend that can cheer and support us, when passing through death's gloomy vail, where most we need a friend. I have often thought what an awful thing it must be for those who know not Jesus, to feel when dying that they are leaving all their friends behind, and that they themselves are about to go friendless and alone, through darkness and through death, into

an unknown world. I have felt my very soul melt within me, when, standing beside such persons when dying, and in order to induce if possible those who are living unblest by the sweet smiles of his divine friendship, who sticketh closer than a brother, I had hoped to portray in the most glowing language the infinite love, exquisite sympathy, and God-like faithfulness of Jesus, the sinner's friend, and by so doing that I should bring strangers to his feet who knew him not. But feeling myself unable to accomplish the unequal task, I joyfully resign it, feeling when I do so that I honour the Saviour far more than by accomplishing it. When, I say, that I feel language is too inadequate to express his worth, and imagination to portray his love.

His love no mortal tongue can reach,
Nor mortal thought display,
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder dies away.

For the unspeakable joys that flow from the warm and genial influence of his friendship are far better felt than expressed.

Therefore I would most heartily recommend all who know not the Saviour, to make an experimental trial of his faithfulness and love, then will they know for themselves the blessedness that flows from the unclouded sun-light of his unchanging smiles. O ye who are passing through the dark valley of adversity, friendless and alone, shunned by all, and comforted by none,

There is a kind and faithful friend,
Born for adversity,
Whose picture till my life should end
I'd study to portray.

But ah! such tender sympathy
Dwells in those gracious eyes,
Such matchless, exquisite beauty,
As mortal art defies.

The brightest colours I can find
Are far too pale to paint
The picture of that gracious friend,
Who hears each sad complaint.

And with the softest sympathy,
In every sorrow shares,
With all who seek that sympathy,
Through this wide vale of tears.

The children of adversity,
Though by so few caress'd,
He with the tenderest pity,
Clasps closest to his breast.

Full well he knows the grief they bear,
The gloomy path they tread,
For he himself once travell'd there,
And o'er it light hath shed.

No one can sooth the care-worn children of adversity like the Lord Jesus Christ; for he has passed through its deepest valleys and deepest caverns, and therefore he knows its deepest sorrows, and can fully sympathize with all who are passing it. And if that friendship is said to be of the purest kind and of the highest value, which can neither be dissolved by the sunshine of prosperity, or be destroyed by the rude storms of adversity, then truly the friendship of the Lord Jesus Christ far supersedes all other friendships. Crowned with glory and clad with majesty, behold him, as he lays aside his robes, royalty, and crown of glory, for our sakes to become poor, "that we by his poverty might be made rich."

The sunshine of heaven's prosperity did not dissolve the friendship of Jesus, for he came down from heaven to befriend and help us in our low estate; neither did the storm of adversity destroy his friendship for it was strong as death, and mightier than the grave. And one reason out of many others why I would recommend the friendship of Jesus above all other friendships is, because it is an everlasting friendship; once formed, neither death nor hell can dissolve it, for it is eternal; as Dr. Watts said,

Not death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favourites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They shall for ever rest.

How delightful then, amidst the changing smiles of a changing world, to repose on a friend like this! But there is a still greater reason why I would recommend the friendship of Jesus. You know that in a court of justice, it is a great advantage to a poor criminal to have an able advocate to plead his cause; and if that advocate shoul

be a well-known friend of the prisoner's, what a still greater advantage would it be for him, because the advocate being a friend would plead with all the warmth and energy of his soul for him. O then let me urge the friendship of Jesus on the same ground. "We have all sinned, and come short of the glory of God; there is none righteous, no, not one:" we have all broken the righteous law of the Most High, and we must all stand before his judgment-seat. What a blessing then will it be to us to have the Lord Jesus Christ for our Advocate at the high court of Heaven! for who could plead our cause like Jesus, who can justify by his own blood the sinner that puts his trust in him, and gives him his cause to plead!

I remember being very much interested, a long time ago, in the trial of Rush; no doubt many beside remember it. It was in his power to have an advocate had he chosen; but thinking that he could plead his own cause better than any one could for him, he undertook to plead himself; and very ably he did do so for the first two days;

but the third day, poor Rush condemns himself. O take care, ye who think to plead your own cause at the high court of heaven, lest ye do the same. Do not try it; & give your cause to Jesus, he can plead it better than you can yourselves. Hail I now as your friend, in this the accepted cause, and he will heighten by benign smiles the brightest joys of your prosperity, and lightheartedness; by his sweet sympathy the sorrow of adversity; he will cheer you in the day of death, and stand by you in the day of judgment; therefore embrace him as your Saviour, and you are blest for ever.

For blessed be God, when we rise,
On faith's precious pinions of gold,
Above earth's bleak coasts to the skies,
We friendship in full bloom behold.

In the breast of infinite love,
Where virtue sways every motion,
In the great Redeemer above,
True friendship blooms in perfection.

Then why should we wander and rove,
Like unhappy birds without nest:
In the Saviour's friendship and love,
For aye let us seek to be blest.

How can religion be dreary,
The germ of all bliss it contains;
Who of real friendship grows weary,
Who even of true love complains?

Then let satan's blind slaves disdain
This charm of all charms to procure,
We'll seek it, 'twill sooth here our pain,
And crown us with bliss evermore.

Though praise is the happy employ,
And glory the home of the blest,
Pure love is the paramount joy,
In heaven that crowns all the rest.

HEAVEN.

Come, let us raise our eyes,
Above these shades of night,
To world's beyond the skies,
Of glory, peace, and light;
Where darkness, shades, and shadows flee,
Th' unveiled light of Deity.

To these bright realms of light,
On faith's bright pinions soar,
Where rivers of delight
Flow on for evermore,
From the pure fountain head of bliss,
The fount of perfect happiness.

Blest are the shining ones,
Who people these bright spheres,
Where health immortal blooms,
On cheeks undew'd by tears.
No pining sickness, grief, or care,
Enter these regions, bright and fair.

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Straight from the royal throne
Of Him, who death o'ercame,
The silver tide flows down
Of life's pure crystal stream;
Gladd'ning the host of God with joy,
Sin ne'er can mar, nor hell destroy.

Thrice happy world! and they
Who, crown'd with honour, stand
In union with the Three,
Whose glory fills the land
With those bright beams of light, that chase
Grief, death, and darkness from the place.

Is time indeed a phantom, no mortal hand can stay; and are its noblest joys and brightest treasures only like midnight clouds, that fly the rising light of day? 'Tis even so: a few more revolving years, and time will have vanished into the land of forgetfulness; while its fleeting joys and fading treasures will have passed away like evening clouds before the blazing light of eternity's unending day. Let us turn our thoughts then, for a few moments, from the things which are seen and are temporal, to

the things which are unseen and eternal ;
for eternity we must enter, one and all of
us, very quickly.

Into a long eternity,
Of endless bliss or deathless woe,
Ere long we one and all must go.

For time, swift fleeting time, is passing
from us, and we are as swiftly passing
from time into that eternity of endless
happiness or woe, in which we shall live
for ever.

For though these bodies shall decay,
Our souls shall never, never die.

Not even the countless ages of eternity
shall survive them, nor the rudest storms
of time destroy them ; even when the
thrilling voice of that mighty Angel shall
be heard, who "shall stand with one foot
on the sea and the other foot on the earth,
and swear by Him that liveth for ever and
ever, who created the heavens and the earth,
that time shall be no more^a." Then, though
" the stars shall fall unto the earth, even as
a fig tree casteth her untimely fruit, when

^a Rev. x. 5, 6.

she is shaken of a mighty wind, and the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood^b;" even then, though the quaking earth shall expire, and the fading heavens pass away, yet on each immortal soul shall be seen, as it were, the dew of its youth: as one of our poets has said,

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die.

How requisite it is then that we all should be able to say with the Apostle, "that we know if the earthly house of this tabernacle, which is the body, were dissolved, we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens^c!" that is, richly adorned and gloriously prepared for the reception of our immortal though disembodied spirits. But, alas, how few of us can say this! What multitudes there are, who are either too much fascinated with the joys of earth, or surfeited by its cares, even to think of that glorious inheritance

^b Rev. vi. 13, 14.

^c 2 Cor. v. 1.

that is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away, much less to seek its pearly gates^e. But one reason why so few seek the blissful shores of that brighter world is, because they do not think of it; for it is a land of which one could not think of without longing to breathe its balmy air, and pluck its fadeless flowers; for it is a goodly land, a land of wealth unknown, on which no clouds of darkness rise, or storms of sorrow fall; for it is a land where there is day without night, joy without sorrow, and life without death:

There loved ones never die,
Nor tears the cheeks bedew.

For there is no curse there, neither is there any pain; there the happy inhabitants say they are not sick, but crowned with glory, and clothed with immortality; they pace those blissful shores beneath the bright smiles of his face, who is the light and glory of those peaceful realms. Thrice happy world! Eden with all its glory was but a type of it, and Jerusalem with all

^d Rev. xxi. 22.



its fertility was but a shadow; although its landscapes laughed with beauty, and woodlands flowed with the honey^f that the bees sucked from the luxuriant flowers of native sweetness, which decked its fertile soil. But, alas! its beauty has faded, and its glory has passed away; so that the best that we can say of the Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children, is, that even in its brightest days it was but a shadow of that brighter Jerusalem which is above, whose beauty shall never fade, nor glory pass away; for its flowery meads shall never be trodden down by the hard hoof of oppression, neither shall its goodly trees ever be sapped by the rude

^f When we speak of the land of Canaan as a land that was once flowing with milk and honey, it is generally understood to mean peace and plenty, or joy and happiness; but, as all may not be aware of it, it may be right to say, that it was literally a fact; for originally the land of Canaan was so fertile and fruitful, that the bees that sucked the sweet wild flowers which decked its fertile soil, produced such large masses of honey from them, that the very woods were sometimes flooded with it.

hand of rapine, or be blasted into barrenness by the hot breath of persecution ; for it is a glorious city, which hath sure foundations, " whose Maker and Builder is God." No foe shall ever invade its peaceful borders, or enter its shining portals ; for its gem-built walls are for ever fortified by the never-failing strength of omnipotent power, and for ever illuminated by the beatific brightness of uncreated light. Thrice happy world !

No foe of any shape or kind
Can through its gates admittance find.

Not even the king of terrors, with all his boasted strength and matchless victories, can enter those bright and pearly gates. Although the mightiest monarchs have bowed before his sceptre, while the bravest warriors and mightiest nations have fallen before him, the conquered victims of his flying arrows, for once the conqueror is conquered. Although his name is the king of terrors, the King of glory has conquered him. And he now guards those bright and glorious portals of life and immortality

with the right hand of his own omnipotent power,

So death, with his old parent sin,
Who blasts all bliss below,
Retreats, abash'd, from him who wears
Their victory on his brow.

Therefore the Jerusalem aboye is free from sorrow, sin, and death. Bright world ! there every cheek blooms with immortality, and every heart beats with love, while every eye beams with that joy, which is unspeakable, and full of glory : there no sigh of sadness or wail of woe is ever known to mingle with the melodious songs of melody resounding through those happy realms,

Where pleasures like an ocean flow,
Without a rippling wave of woe.

Basking beneath the meridian beams of eternal brightness, let us contemplate by faith the perfect happiness of that blood-bought shining host, whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are pardoned ; who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, through whose merits they stand accepted, glorified,

and blest by that God, in whose presence there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore; for he delighteth in blessing his people with endless felicity, and crowning them with the bright beams of his own unfading glory. One of the greatest falsehoods that was ever insinuated by infernal malice, or that was ever credited by mortal weakness, is, that union and communion with the Creator is at all opposed to the happiness of the creature. O it is no such thing, for in his favour there is life, in his presence there is fulness of joy, and at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore. It is sin that God is opposed to, not happiness, and I wonder not that God should be opposed to it; all I wonder is, that we are not more opposed to it, for is it not our worst enemy? Is it not the fundamental cause of every sorrow that has ever wrung the heart with the bitter pangs of anguish, or dimmed the eyes with the burning briny tears of sadness? O yes, it is; for of sorrow and death it may truly be said, that they are the legal and

legitimate offspring of sin. Had it not been for sin, we should never have known the pangs of sorrow, nor ever have felt the conquering arrows of the monster death. Therefore I can readily conceive, how, even apart from the holiness of God, he must abhor sin, as he views it marring the beauty and effacing the glory of the noblest master-piece of work of his almighty hands, man, whom he created in his own image, to hold communion with himself, to live in Paradise, and reign in bliss for ever. Therefore I think it is the love of God, as well as the holiness of God, which constrains him to hate sin with the most intense and perfect hatred, because he views it daily fitting the objects of his love for the burning flames of his incensed justice, and the undying fires of his eternal indignation and almighty wrath; and therefore it is not only the holiness of God that constrains him to hate sin, but the love which he bears to mortals constrains him to hate it too, because it injures them in this world, and damns them in the next.

O, I like to think of God ; I like to look at nature when she appears in her emerald dress of spring, or her more gaudy robe of summer ; I like to look at the sun when shining in its strength, for it conveys to my mind an idea of his glory.

While the pale silver moonbeams
With rapture I view,
As o'er evening's dark shades
Her brightness they threw.

While with equal delight I look at the star-spangled canopy of heaven ; because in those shining orbs I see his power as they float in ether, upheld alone by the strength of his omnipotent arm.

But when from thence I turn my eyes,
Upon mount Calvary to gaze,
Such brighter wonders meet my eyes,
As fills my soul with sweet surprise,
For there I see his skill and might
Eclips'd by love which shines more bright.

For while creation speaks his goodness, and the heavens declare his glory, it is redemption that shews the full-drawn portrait of his love. Of all the excellencies that cluster around the King of kings and

Lord of lords, redeeming love is the brightest; it is the brightest gem that sparkles in the royal diadem of his glory, and the brightest star that shines in the glorious constellations of his attributes; never does the power or the glory of God appear so beautiful, as when seen through the bright mirror of his redeeming love; the brightness of his holiness and the majesty of his glory are too strong for the weak eyes of our humanity to look at with any degree of pleasure in the abstract, because they make God appear to us then as a consuming fire; but when we behold him sparing not his only Son, the darling of his bosom, but freely giving him up for us all, then it is that we love God, and can look up to him with admiration, confidence, and joy. Just so when we look at Jesus, and see him clad with the robes of our humanity, and covered with the mantle of divine love, descending from the highest heights of heaven's glory down to the deepest depths of earth's misery to save, dying to redeem, rising to justify, and ascending back to heaven to open its

pearly gates to all believers; it is when we see Jesus thus, that "we love him because he first loved us." But what a glorious thought it is, that the shining portals of the glorious palace of Jehovah are now open to all believers, who rest all their hopes of pardon here, and hopes of glory hereafter, on the finished work and atoning blood of Christ;

Who trust no merits of their own,
But rest by faith on him alone.

Why then is there not more steering toward these happy regions? All things are ready; the Spirit and the Bride say, Come;

While angels from these courts of bliss
Say, Come up hither, come away,
And share the perfect happiness
Of these bright realms of endless day.

Why then should we delay? we are but the pilgrims of earth; but God offers to make us the citizens of heaven, the partners of his throne, and the sharers of his glory. Why do we not accept his glorious invitation, and seek those happy realms, where he himself resides, clad in the full splendour

of his divinity, and seated on the stable throne of his glory? There is no need for us to delay, for all things are ready; the life-boat of salvation has been launched on the sea of time by the Creator and Benefactor of mankind, purposely to take in the sin-stricken family of Adam, and bear them to that happier clime, where mortality is swallowed up of life, and death of victory. Let us then timely seek admittance into the glorious covenant ark of salvation, that we may be safely borne by it over the tempestuous sea of life to the happy Jerusalem above.

Thrice happy haven! all is peace
On its bright glorious shores;
Sickness, and sin, and sorrow cease,
And pleasures fill its bowers.

No withering curses e'er we know,
Or e'en a cloud of night,
O'er its immortal joys can throw
A shade, a gloom, or blight.

Such quenchless streams of deathless light,
Beam sweetly from God's face,
As banish sorrow, sadness, night,
For ever from the place.

ADOPTION, *

OR CHRISTIAN BLESSEDNESS.

God is my Father! how sublime
The thought, how great the joy,
Not e'en the rudest storms of time
Its lustre can destroy;
It gilds life's darkest hours of night
With its own shades of hallow'd light.

When shining through the God, I see
A father's smiling face,
Beaming with love and majesty,
With mercy, truth, and grace;
The sight to me such pleasure yields,
As wave o'er Zion's happy fields.

Let others boast of what they may,
Their rank, fame, wealth, or blood,
My glory and my boast shall be,
Thou art my Father, God:
Born by thy Spirit from above,
My glory and my trust, thy love.



Why should I fear life's future ills,
Or even death's cold sea?
Its stormy waves and chilling rills
Will waft me home to thee,
Who art my Father, joy, and crown,
Of joys in worlds of bliss unknown.

EVER since sin entered into the world, clouding the understanding, and separating man from God and God from man, what strange ideas has he had of the gracious and all-glorious Jehovah! there is scarcely any thing that is frightful in shape, or hideous in form, which the benighted heathen has not carved to represent God, the all-gracious, wise, and just. And, alas! even in our own beloved and enlightened land, to the unenlightened mind he appears as a hard master, or else as an arbitrary judge, from whom to escape would be a boon indeed; and therefore the sinner is for ever trying to fly from him as from a fiery serpent or an avenging adversary; little thinking that God's heart is made of tenderness, of mercy, truth, and love; and that the inconceivable

raptures of the glorified, and the unspeakable joys of the sanctified, all flow like a rich ocean from the infinite bosom of his deathless and unchanging love. O ye who vainly attempt to flee from the Spirit, and fly from the presence of the Lord Jehovah, remember that the farther you flee from him, the farther you fly from happiness; his glorious presence it is that makes heaven the fair haven of eternal bliss.

Nought but the brightness of his smiles
Doth banish sorrow, death, and night,
From these bright worlds of peace and light.

O why then wander thus from happiness and God? Listen to the soft and silvery tones of his mercy, as in infinite tenderness he cries, Return, return, why will ye die! Look unto me, and be ye saved: for though thou hast undone thyself, yet in me is thy help found. But what did it cost the Almighty to say this to the wandering objects of his love, who had broken his righteous law? Fully to appreciate the cost, we had need to soar with angel's wings to the very council-chambers of the Eternal, where

Jesus pledged himself to become the sinner's substitute, to die for their sins, that through the rich atonement of his meritorious blood, the infinite justice of God might exact the utmost penalty for sin, and yet allow God to become the justifier of the ungodly, who sought pardon at his hands, through Jesus the sinner's substitute and friend. And then to understand the value of the atonement, we had need to descend into the agonies of Gethsemane, and the still deeper sufferings of Calvary, where it pleased the Lord to bruise him, and put him to grief, who was the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person. We cannot appreciate the matchless love of God toward our own fallen race, except when we turn by faith to Calvary, where Jesus hangs the bleeding victim of awakened justice, pale and wan with suffering; and without the brightness of those smiles which cheer the dying saint, the Saviour drank that cup of woe, which was the exact equivalent for all sins and sufferings, which was due to every one who shall be saved by his meri-

torious blood. What a glorious scheme is that of redemption! Well might the angels desire to look into it, and mortals rejoice to embrace its offers of pardon, peace, and grace. Far beyond the ken of mortal eye, or seraph thought, is the deep laid heaven populating system of redemption; none but the Eternal could have invented the glorious scheme, and none but the Infinite could have accomplished it. No mind can fathom the infinite sufferings of the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world; and no heart can conceive the infinite degeneration to which he stooped when he became incarnate, that by taking of our nature upon him, we might be made partakers of his divine nature, the partners of his glory, and the happy subjects of his love, through all eternity. And now God having given his beloved Son to die for our sins, he cries to all, Return unto me, ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest; for I, even I, have given my well-beloved Son, the partner of my throne, and the darling of my bosom, to die for your sins; although

he has kept my righteous law, and never at any time violated my commands, yet I have imputed thy sins to him, that I might impute his righteousness unto thee, accept thee in his person, and bless thee to all eternity, through the rich and infinite merits of his atoning blood.

O ye who are famishing with hunger, when thy Father has bread enough and to spare, why not return unto him? You have sinned against him, but he is willing to pardon, and waiting to receive you; fly to his gracious arms, and be blest to all eternity.

Mark yonder prodigal, who seeks his face,
He runs to meet him with a warm embrace;
Upbraids him not with one reproachful thing,
But places on his hand adoption's ring;
Nor does he say, I pardon thee, depart,
But fondly clasps him to his loving heart.

We could not have supposed God would have thus graciously received the repenting sinner on returning to him, had not Jesus told us so; much less could we have supposed for a moment that bright winged angels would retune their golden harps in yon

bright world of bliss to celebrate the return of a poor sin-smitten, poverty-stricken sinner. But so it is; "for there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over every sinner that repenteth." What a sweet thought it is, that however poor, however guilty, or however sunken the sinner may be, that he is as perfectly welcome to approach the footstool of redeeming love, as though he were the brightest of saints. When God pardons, he pardons like a God; and when the repenting sinner draws near to him, he receives him as a God; for it is with no look of anger, or word of reproach. Does the prodigal say unto him, "Father I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son;" he replies, "I have blotted out as a cloud thy sins, and as a thick cloud thy transgressions; for I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways, saith the Lord; for as the heaven is higher than the earth, :

are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. Therefore fear not, O thou afflicted; tossed with tempest, and not comforted; in righteousness shalt thou be established; thou shalt be far from oppression, for thou shalt not fear; and from terror, for it shall not come near thee. For with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer. For this shall be unto me as the waters of Noah: for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the face of the earth, so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that had mercy on thee." When God has said all this to a sinner as he draws near to meet him at his first approach, I think it is no wonder that he should say, " Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet;" for when he is thus

adopted by God, and brought into the blood-royal and blood-bought family of the Eternal. Like Joshua the high priest, he must have his filthy garments taken from him, and be clothed with a change of raiment, even with the royal robes of a Saviour's perfect righteousness; while the fair mitre of divine wisdom must be set as a crown of grace upon his head, that he may be able to withstand the wiles of the devil, escape the snares of the world, fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life. O what a glorious crown is that which God sets upon the children of his grace; even in this world, all the things that the heart could desire are not to be compared unto it; it is more precious than rubies; and gold, yea even fine gold, cannot be compared unto it; for it is a coronet, such as no monarch less than God himself could bestow. It is quite a mistake to suppose that godliness is not profitable; for godliness is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life which now is, as well as that which is to come. Piety

enriches, it is sin that impoverishes; the soul that lives near to God must be rich, whatever may be the situation in which it is placed; for God is an overflowing fountain of everlasting blessedness and life. He is the light of his people in darkness, their joy in sorrow, their health in sickness, their life in death, and their glory through eternity. Who would not like to be a Christian, did they but know the pleasure and honour of being one? there are none so happy in life, so calm in death, or so blessed after death, as the Christian. The wicked may flourish for a season like the green bay tree, but they will soon be cut down, while their boasted glory will wither beneath the hot blastings of Jehovah's wrath, like a flower beneath the mower's hand. Not so is it with the Christian's glory; for it is a glory that shall never pass away, it is eternal; whatever may be the losses or the crosses of the heir of heaven, he can always boast that he has real treasures, such as no thief can steal, nor moth corrupt.

Mr. Newton, on visiting a family that had suffered great loss by fire and finding the mistress of the house in tears, said, "Madam, I wish you joy." To which she replied, "What do you wish me for, the fire?" "No," said Mr. Newton, "I wish you joy that you have treasures laid up where the fire cannot reach." This stopped her grief; she wiped away her tears for she had the same gospel in her hand which enabled the first Christians to take joyfully the spoiling of their goods; and like them, she too could glory in tribulations also, knowing that those light afflictions which are but for a moment, would work for her a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. How different is it with the worldling; when he loses his treasures he loses his all. Not so the Christian; if he loses the dross of earth, he gains the pure gold of heaven by the loss of it. "Wouldest thou be truly rich," saith St. Ambrose, "be so in doing good, for virtue is the only companion of the soul that will abide with it for ever; for all the thin-

which are of the world we must leave behind in the world." What an argument is this to prove the infinite superiority of piety to every thing else in the world! besides, the poorest Christian is far richer than the richest worldling. What though he may fare sumptuously every day, and be clothed in purple and fine linen, boast of his large estate and many treasures; he will soon have to leave it all behind him, and go himself like a poor threadbare pennyless soul into eternity. Not so the Christian: when he dies, instead of leaving his estate behind him, he goes to take possession of it; while if he leaves some riches behind him, if he is rich in regard to the things of this world, he only leaves a few riches to take possession of many, even such of which earth cannot boast. Does he leave friends behind him, Christian friends, to whom his soul is united by the sweet and everlasting ties of faith and love? O, he does not lose them, although he leaves them; for he leaves them but to bid them welcome on the brighter shores of a

better world, and perhaps to have the unspeakable joy of leading them to the eternal throne of the all-glorious Jehovah. It is my firm conviction, that our nearest and dearest friends will be the first to welcome us to the bright shores of endless bliss. I have the fullest sympathy with one of our poets, when in speaking of reaching heaven, he says,

Angels shall gather round us,
And joyous greetings give,
To sinners brought from sinful earth,
With them to joy and live.

But angels shall be silent
While dearer spirits press,
To mingle with our gushing joy
Their calmer happiness.

And meekly shall they bear us
Through that bright company,
Towards the higher throne of Him,
Who died on Calvary.

No further guidance needing,
Together we shall bend,
And bless the grace that loving once,
Hath loved us to the end.

O what a charming thought is this to those who have lost beloved friends, or at least have had them taken from them to share the felicities of the glorified ! How sweet the thought, that they are only gone before, to give to them they left behind a hearty welcome, when they reach the blissful shores of a brighter world ! It is this that heightens the joys of heaven to the believer's soul, to think,

There his best friends, his kindred dwell,
There God his Saviour reigns.

To dwell with God, and with beloved friends who are one with God, is the very bliss of heaven ; and though some gloomy looking Christians make people think that religion is a thing fit only for the sick or the dying, these very persons are not unhappy because they are religious, but because they are not religious enough ; they live at a distance from God ; instead of living as close as possible to him, they are content with following him afar off, therefore it is no wonder that they are unhappy. I would say to every one and all, Do not be satisfied

with merely being brought under the rod, into the bond of the covenant, but press into as close a union as you possibly can with the great covenant Head; it is the will of God that you should do so. What did the Saviour say in his last prayer with the disciples? Did he not pray, that both they, and all them which should hereafter believe on him through their word, might all be one in God, even as he was in the Father, and the Father in him? The secret of a Christian's strength and happiness lies in living near to God, and being one with God; the nearer we draw nigh to God, the nearer we come to perfect happiness; but the farther we wander from him, so much the farther do we wander from happiness, and draw nearer to perfect misery. Why then, ye who pant after happiness and thirst for perfect bliss, do ye wander farther and farther from its living fountain? Return, return; thy Father is even now saying unto thee, Why will ye die? how shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how can I make thee as Admah? how can I set thee as Zeboim?



My bowels are moved for thee. O what language is this! It is as though God had said, How can I make thee as Admah, that city on which I poured out my burning wrath and fiery indignation? or how can I set thee as Zeboim, that city in which my withering curse shall last for ever? for both these were cities of the plain. Therefore how clear it is, that God has no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but would rather that he should return unto him and live. I do not like that opinion, that God is as much glorified in the condemnation of a sinner, as he is in the redemption of one; for at any rate, if God is as much glorified by the one as he is by the other, one thing is quite sure, and that is, that he is not as much pleased. We read that God delighteth in mercy, but we do not read that he delighteth in wrath; punishment is his strange work, mercy is his pleasant work, for he delighteth in mercy; why then flee from him? Return, return, for the way of the transgressor is hard; there is a hell in the way to hell, as well as a heaven in the way to heaven. O what a

fearful account does J. B. Gough give of himself, when running in the path that leadeth unto destruction! "Steeped in poverty, he says, degradation, and misery, I felt that few, if any, pitied me, and that any should love me was out of the question; and yet I yearned for sympathy. My affections were naturally strong and deep, and often as I lay in my solitary chamber, feeling how low I had sunk, and that no eye ever dropped a tear of pity over my state, or would grow dim if I were laid in the grave, I have ardently wished that I might never see the morning light. Fancy, says he, what my agony must have been, when, with the assurance that no drunkard could enter the kingdom of heaven, I was willing, nay anxious, for the sake of escaping the tortures to which I was subjected in this life, to risk the awful realities of the unseen world. My punishment here was greater than I could bear; I had made a whip of scorpions which perpetually lashed me; despair was my companion, and perpetual degradation appeared to be my allotted

doom. I had no one but myself to blame for the sufferings which I endured, and when I thought of what I might have been, these reflections were awful beyond conception. In the month of October I was staggering along homeless, hopeless, and aimless; some one tapped me on the shoulder, (an unusual thing to occur to me, for no one cared to come in contact with the wretched shabby-looking drunkard,) and I could scarcely believe my own senses, when I turned and met a look of kindness. The thing was so unusual, that I questioned the reality of it; it was the first look of kindness I had known for months; it went right to my heart, and, like the wing of an angel, troubled the waters in that stagnant pool of affection, and made them once more reflect a little on the light of human love. A new desire for life seemed suddenly to spring up, to think that the universal boundary of human sympathy included even my wretched self in its cheering circle!" What a lesson of love should not this teach us! How know we but some little act of kindness, it may

be an unconsidered word, may heal a bruised heart, or cheer a drooping spirit!

The friend who so kindly accosted Mr. Gough was an entire stranger to him; but by his benevolent looks and kind words, he kindled within his heart a ray of hope, and was the means, by the grace of God, of turning the whole current of his life. To think that one cared for him, and regarded him with a look of sympathy, touched a chord within his breast, which vibrated to the tone of love; and slave as he had long been to the demon drink, he said he would keep the promise which he had given to the friend who had interested himself in his welfare, and sign the pledge, if it were the last act of his life; and he died in the attempt. The feelings of gratitude and love which Mr. Gough expressed to the friend who gave him a look of sympathy and a few kind words of good advice, I think, should incite within each breast feelings of deeper gratitude and warmer love towards that more gracious Friend, who not only looks with the tenderest sympathy



and deepest love on the sorrowing, the suffering, the tried, and the tempted, but who has confirmed, by word and deed alike, his sympathy and love. O that the precious words were impressed on every heart, “God so loved the world, that He gave his only Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have everlasting life!” However guilty we are, the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin; and however imperfect we may be, his righteousness is a perfect covering, such as can hide all our unrighteousness, and make us meet for the paradise of God. Therefore, when once we embrace the Saviour by believing faith, we pass from death unto life, from darkness into light, and from a state of condemnation into glory, blessedness, and peace; for his work is perfect, it is everlasting in its duration, and eternal in its efficacy. And, surely,

If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;

O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe!

NOEL.

Then let gratitude for the mercies of our God constrain us to present our bodies a living sacrifice unto Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us. O reader, hast thou not yet given thyself to Jesus? art thou living at a distance from happiness and God? if so, live no longer at a distance from Him; fly to his gracious arms, and be blessed to all eternity.

See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, He bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room.

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will He bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

In Him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.



O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

STEELE.

TO BACKSLIDING
OR DISHEARTENED CHRISTIANS.

Why turn ye from the narrow way
That leads to joys on high?
Why with the thoughtless and the gay
Turn ye aside to die?

Lo, in a winding-sheet of flame
This world will soon appear;
What then its pleasures, or its fame;
Why seek a portion there?

Though hidden in its dark, cold sod,
The fire is kindled now,
Which only waits the word of God,
To consume all below.

And though his mercy now restrains
These ministers of wrath;
Yet soon o'er mountains, sea, and plains,
They'll pour his vengeance forth.

O why then in a world like this,
Where nought can long endure,
A portion seek, or happiness?
More lasting joys secure.

In yonder pearly gates of bliss,
Where nought corrupts nor fades,
Where pleasure in perfection is,
Nor sin, nor death, invades;

In that inheritance divine
Now timely seek a place;
Now, while its glories may be thine,
Through God's abounding grace.

But turn not from the narrow way,
As many thousands do;
But for the Spirit's help now pray,
Thy journey to pursue.

Though demon from the lowest pit,
Whom grace hath passed by,
With mortals join to tempt thy feet,
To turn from wisdom's way;

O heed them not, but onward press
To all that's bright and fair,
Or with them, in yon dark abyss,
You must their horror share.

I am now about to address a most interesting class of character, those who, by divine grace, have been brought up out of

the darkness of the spiritual Egypt, and who have known something of the power of religion, and the joys of the world to come; but who have been driven back from the heavenly way, either by the temptation of Satan, or the opposition of a sinful world. To such I would speak in the language of the tenderest sympathy and strongest encouragement, and persuade them to recommence their heavenly journey, in spite of earth and hell, having had to do battle with both myself. I know their power, and have acquired a more experimental knowledge of them both than most young persons of my age. By the help of divine grace I was brought into the narrow and pleasant path of piety in the early days of happy childhood; but as a fatherless and apparently unprotected girl, I have had to brave the rude storms of life and the dark waves of time, and procure a livelihood on the bleak coast of a heartless and deceitful world; and therefore I know its unmasked sentiments, and its stern opposition to the pure and undefiled religion of the cross;



and I feel quite sure that both the world and the devil are as much opposed to piety as ever they were; and that they as much persecute its followers too, only that they do it in another form to what they did in byegone days. The rack on which the body was tortured and the limbs were dislocated has been taken away, but the rack of sarcasm and constant derision, on which the soul is tortured and the mind is dislocated, has been put in its place; the fagot and the stake are removed, but the low jest and the cutting sneer have been put in the place thereof. And while it required the true spirit of a Christian and the fortitude of a hero to walk calmly to the stake, it requires, I might say, almost more than the spirit of a Christian or the fortitude of a hero to bear day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, the soul-cutting sarcasm and incessant sneers of a fellow shopmate or companion.

But to any who may be thus tried I would say, Press onward toward the prize of your high calling in Christ Jesus; for just as the

moon when it draws nearer into conjur with the sun shines so much the bri just so shall you, as you draw near paradise and God, shine brighter and bri till changed from glory into glory you the perfect image of the Lord. The press onward; follow not the Lord af but recline like the Apostle on his b or sit like Mary at his feet; then sha frowns of a world become as nothi comparison with the unspeakable joy beam from the bright sun-light of his s " who is the chief among ten thousand altogether lovely." What are the cei of a world to the sympathies of a Sa whose love is infinite as his power, i less as his fame, eternal as his " Heaven is his throne, and the earth footstool; for the earth is the Lord' the fulness thereof; the sea is his, *that is therein.*"

The brilliant sun, each shining sta
All space beyond the flight of angels' v
Wait on his - a word; and yet He bows h
To ev'ry sigh - with his suff'ring people bring

With such a friend as Jesus to comfort, succour, and support the heaven-bound pilgrim, why should he turn aside from the narrow path which leadeth unto life, to shun the hostile frowns or win the fickle smiles of a dying world? All things considered, I think that the Christian can well afford to lose the changing smiles of earth, as well as bear its censures; for who is that, crowned with honours and clothed with majesty, who fills the centre throne in yon stupendous height of glory, at whose feet angels bow and seraphs bend? O, it is Jesus, the taunted, tempted, sneered at, Christian's brother, who has overcome the world, and has waved the palm-branch of victory over earth and hell; and who is even now saying unto him, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world: and all power is given unto me in heaven and in earth: therefore my grace is sufficient for thee. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life, which fadeth not away."

So onward, Christian, onward press,
To the bright gates of endless bliss :
Let devils rage, or mortals sneer,
To those bright regions onward steer,
With a mind resolv'd to be
Blest throughout eternity.

Boldly press forward for the prize
That in yon land of glory lies,
And let not earth's polluted toys,
Nor e'en its brightest transient joys,
Ever tempt thy feet to stray
From religion's pleasant way.

True, the world has many pleasures,
So had Egypt many treasures ;
But not like those in Christ we find,
For they are lasting as the mind,
And, like us, they shall endure,
When earth is itself no more.

I have chosen these words of encouragement in preference to those of reproof, purposely to induce, if possible, the tempted, disheartened, and retreating Christian to press onward in the narrow way that leadeth unto life. Full well I know the many difficulties which the young Christian has to encounter when first setting out in the path

of piety. Pleasant as it is of itself, so many foes crowd its entrance and ambush its sides, that the weak shield of the young Christian's faith is soon shot down, although not destroyed, by their flying arrows. No wonder then that many should retreat, when thus disarmed, from the dread field of conflict, on which the world, the flesh, and the devil, are arrayed against them, making it appear almost impossible even to hope to conquer. I know the time, when if I did not retreat, I despaired of conquest; for although I was neither driven into the path of piety by the thunders of Sinai, nor the lightning flashes of conviction, but was sweetly drawn there and drawn onward therein by the soft and silvery cord of omnipotent love, yet as I grew up, intense were the conflicts of my mind ere I could embrace the truth as it is in Jesus; and therefore I can fully sympathize with those young Christians, who question every truth in the Bible before they embrace one. I can remember when my mind was a very battle field, where

Half the powers of my distracted brain
Against me fought, together with hell's train.

But now I enjoy the unruffled peace and unspeakable joy which flows from believing, instead of the pain which arises from questioning the glorious truths of the Gospel.

All mental conflicts now with me are past :
I have embrac'd the truth, and now repose
Where vessel ne'er a fatal shipwreck knows.

But dread was the conflict ere I did so, for after years of contest, I was nearly overcome. The sun had set, the labours of the day were over, and the dark curtains of the night were drawn around me. I had retired to bed, but not to rest, for the hostile hosts of satanic foes and conflicting doubts had not ceased to disturb my mind. Between two eternities I seemed to stand ; hell was at my heels, and heaven before my eyes ; but to proceed appeared impossible, while to retreat seemed death. What could I do ? I was both weary and weak. Seeing my situation, the captain of the satanic host drew near, and in the most kind and



condescending manner proposed that I should give up the contest; for you see, said he, that you cannot proceed, nor are you fit for heaven even if you could, for none but the pure in heart can see God; therefore it is of no use for you to think of heaven. And beside, said he, although you have been walking in the narrow path of piety for years, you do not enjoy the pleasures of religion: therefore turn back, and enjoy the pleasures of the world, for it would be better to enjoy them, than to have no pleasure at all. I shuddered at the thought, and immediately declined it. With that satan retired, conflict ceased, and slumbers soft and sweet soon lulled my soul to rest.

Bright angels hover'd round my couch,
And Christ himself drew near.

But my soft slumbers were soon disturbed by a rather unpleasant dream, in which I saw a spider, more vast in size and hideous in form than any spider I had ever before beheld. I instantly struck at it, intending to kill it, but the more I struck at it, and

tried to destroy it, the larger it became. Again and again I struck at it, but could not kill it; so I thought I sat down to watch its movements; but as I was watching it in my dream, it occurred to my mind that I had read something about a spider in the second part of Pilgrim's Progress, but I could not remember what it was. Morning dawned, and I awoke, with my dream fresh on my memory; but as it was a long time since I had read the Pilgrim's Progress, I could no more remember what it was when awake than when asleep. I had quite forgotten it; but excited by curiosity, I took down the Pilgrim's Progress, and soon found the interesting page, little thinking of the haven of rest to which it was about to conduct me. After the Interpreter had shewn Christiana and Mercy his significant rooms, and shewn them what Christian had seen, he shewed them some things that Christian did not see, because they were women, and they were things easy for them to understand. When he had shewn them many other things, he took them into the

very best room in the house, and bade them look round about, and see if they could find any thing profitable there. Then they looked round and round; but there was nothing to be seen but a very great spider on the wall, and that they had overlooked. Then said Mercy, I see nothing; but Christiana held her peace. But, said the Interpreter, look again. She therefore looked again, and said, There is not any thing but an ugly spider, which hangs by its hand upon the wall. Then said he, Is there but one spider in this spacious room? Then the water stood in Christiana's eyes, for she was a woman of quick apprehension, and she said, Yes, Lord, there is more here than one; yea, and spiders whose venom is far more destructive than that which is in her. The Interpreter then looked pleasantly on her, and said, Thou hast said the truth. This made Mercy blush, and they began to cover their faces, for they all began now to understand the riddle. Then said the Interpreter again, The spider taketh hold with her hands, (as

you see,) and dwelleth in kings' palaces. And wherefore is this recorded, but to shew you, that how full soever of the venom of sin you are by nature, you may by the hand of faith lay hold of Christ, and dwell in the best room that belongs to the King's palace above.

As I read these words, it seemed as though the noon-tide splendours of eternal day had burst upon my mind ! What a change did I then feel, to that of the preceding night ! Then I had despaired of even so much as getting inside the gates of paradise, because I was not able to destroy the existing power of sin within my heart, any more than I could kill the hideous spider that I saw in my dream, and for the same reason, because it was too strong for me ; but now I could plainly see, that, notwithstanding all the sin that there was within me, by the hand of faith I could take hold of the Saviour, and not only just get inside the gates of heaven, but dwell there, amid its brightest glories, through the atoning blood and perfect righteousness of Him, who is made unto his

people wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. O this was peace indeed! But what condescension did it seem to me, on the part of God, thus to unfold to my poor dark conflicting doubting mind the glorious Gospel in all its majestic simplicity! How did it strengthen my faith, brighten my hope, and deepen my love towards Him! It seemed as though I had been wafted to the very suburbs of heaven, and was walking beneath the bright sunbeams of eternal day, feeling as I walked beneath them the joy that is unspeakable, and full of glory. Therefore, poor doubting conflicting Christian, press onward; the same God that so graciously enlightened me, can enlighten you; the same Saviour's rich atoning blood that pardoned my sin, can pardon yours; the same Spirit can sanctify you, while the perfect righteousness of the Saviour's merits, being imparted to you by his Spirit, and being imputed to you by his grace, will fit you for the inheritance of the saints in light. Therefore look away from self and away from

sin to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world; then shall thy peace be as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea. If the world sneer at you, retreat not; if it threaten you, halt not; if it tempt you, turn not aside. Sacrifice not an eternal crown for a fleeting pleasure, nor eternal felicity for a flying vanity; but press onward, like a heir who is travelling to take possession of a rich and glorious inheritance; who neither suffers a pleasant garden to detain him, nor a dark cloud to dishearten him, but still presses onward in spite of wind or tide. O doubting Christian, put on the whole armour of God, and thus press onward to the glorious inheritance of the saints in light. If satan tempt you, resist him, and he will flee from you, for he cannot overcome the Christian, except he yields to him of himself; while every evil notion that he injects into the Christian's mind, if rejected, will shine like so many diamonds in the victorious diadem of his unfading glory hereafter. Therefore

Be thy motto, No surrender!
Though earth and hell against thee fight,
Both these powers combin'd together,
You by faith may put to flight,
And e'en on earth may win a name,
Surpassing that of rank or fame.

For " the memory of the just is blessed, and
their name shall be had in everlasting
remembrance."

THE ANTIDOTE OF DEATH.

And is it true, indeed, that I
Am mortal, truly doom'd to die?
Must life with all its charms retire,
And I in death's cold arms expire?
'Tis even so; that mighty foe
Doth lay the greatest monarch low:
Beneath his sickle, all must fall
That live on this terrestrial ball.

But stay! methinks by faith I spy
A floating banner in the sky.
I do; it speaks a victory
Achiev'd upon mount Calvary,
By heaven's victorious gracious King,
Who conquer'd death, destroy'd his sting,
And like a mighty victor rose,
In triumph o'er that worst of foes.

And sweetly, clearly too I see
That he has conquer'd death for me;
For me, for all, to earth's far ends,
Who on his gracious arm depends.

Since then, dear Jesus, I must die,
The thought of death I would not fly,
But leaning on thy arm of love,
I, o'er its fear, would rise above.

O let me feel, till life's last hour,
The blessing of thy love and power;
My closing lips in death shall sing,
Where, where, O death's, thy boasted sting?
While my exulting soul shall cry,
Where, where, O grave's, thy victory?
Corruption's all that you can hold,
I go, my Saviour to behold.

THAT death is indeed the absolute monarch of this lower world, is beyond dispute; for universal is his reign, and potent is his power. Through the palace and the cottage alike he walks with noiseless feet and silent tread, proclaiming, as in barbarous and victorious triumph he proceeds, The earth is mine, and the kingdoms thereof; while loaded with spoils and glutted with blood like a devouring monster, he marches with insuperable boldness through every kingdom and nation of the earth, cutting down with

his mighty arrows the prince and the peasant, the master and the servant, the mistress and the maid, without respect to station, sex, or age ; no bribe his stretched-out hand can stay, nor tears his iron heart can move. Heedless to the requests of trembling age, or prayers of blooming youth, alike he casts them to the ground like withered flowers, and treads them beneath his heavy feet. No prayers nor tears his hand can stay ; the husband from the wife, and the wife from the Husband, in victorious triumph he tears apart, and bears them away in his cold and unmerciful arms. Regardless of parental tears or infants' cries, he takes the children of brightest hopes and fondest dreams, and crushes them in pieces before the sorrowing parents' eyes ; scorning their lamentations, and turning a deaf ear to their imploring cries. And there is nothing in either art or nature that can furnish us with any thing that is able to protect us from the cruel and insatiable hands of this stern king of terrors, grim death. No stratagem of the most renowned



general, no fortifications ever so regular and artificial, nor army ever so victorious, could be able to withstand this mighty foe, or retard his swift reproach. It is said of Xerxes, king of Persia, that upon taking a review of his numerous army, in which there were 1,700,000 men, he was moved even to tears, when he thought that so many mighty captains and brave soldiers would be rotting in their graves in less than an hundred years from that time; because full well he knew, that the mightiest warrior is no more able to withstand the arrows of inevitable death, than the weakest infant. The strongest Samsons, and most victorious Davids, who have torn in pieces lions and bears, and have overcome giants, have themselves been conquered by death; while Alexander and Cæsar, who made the world to tremble before them, and conquered most part of the habitable globe by their skill and power, yet when the most magnificent statues and stately trophies were erected to their honour, death laughed at their vanity, and made sport with their

persons, broke their bones in pieces, and reduced them to ashes; by his all-subduing power leaving them only, out of all their riches, honours, and victories, the small legacy of a winding-sheet. It is said of Saladin, the famous Sultan of Egypt, that on his death-bed he commanded that his winding-sheet should be carried at the end of a lance by a herald, who was to proclaim, Here is all that this great prince hath carried away of all his riches, glory, principalities, and lordships, which he enjoyed upon earth. If princes then are thus spoiled by the monster death, while the bravest warriors and the mightiest conquerors are also subdued before his superior strength and mighty power, who shall be able to combat with him, or withstand his cold crushing hand; or where shall we flee, or to whom shall we go, for an antidote which will preserve us from his poisoned arrows? Where but to Him, who has broken the dragon's head in pieces, and has rent the monster death as though he were a kid, and in victorious triumph has

waved the palm branch of victory over his destroying power. When Jesus took the poisoned arrows of death into his own breast, he destroyed its boasted sting in his own blood; but fearful was the struggle, and dread the conflict! The Saviour sweat as it were great drops of blood, and hewed his way to victory through the deepest agonies both of body and soul. Head, hands, and feet were wounded; but the Saviour flinched not from the encounter, nor shrank from the dread combat; he died, and in that dreadful hour he overcame death, rifled the sepulchre, destroyed the arch destroyer, and opened the gate of resurrection, life, paradise, and bliss, to as many as believe on his name; for to as many as believe in him he giveth power to become the children of God, the heirs of glory, immortality, and life. Therefore faith in Jesus is none other than heaven's sovereign antidote of death. It may be asked, doth not the same event happen to the righteous, and the wicked; and is it not appointed unto all men once to die? and what is more, do they not all die? ■

Yes, in one sense they do, but not in another; death is the same to a believer in appearance as it is to an unbeliever; but if you could only lift the veil, and examine the death of the one and the death of the other, you would find as much difference as there is between heaven and earth, or heaven and hell; for just as the brazen serpent which was lifted up in the wilderness had the appearance of a fiery serpent, although it had nothing of the poison and fire in it, and did indeed give life and health to the bitten Israelites who looked upon it; just so does the death of a believer and the death of an unbeliever appear alike in appearance; but the death of an unbeliever is like the fiery serpent, which destroyed as many as were bitten by it, who looked not to the brazen serpent. So must all who have not looked to Him who was lifted up as a sacrifice for sin, er death has laid them low by the chilling han of his subduing power, be destroyed bot soul and body, and be everlastinglly consign
the realms of horror, darkness, and

spair. But when death comes to the believer, although he comes to him in the same appearance as to the unbeliever, yet to him he comes only to destroy every particle of the poisonous venom of the old serpent sin that is within him; for as soon as we believe in Him, who has conquered death and sin and him who is the power of sin, which is the devil, and who has fulfilled that which is the strength of sin, which is the law, for the strength of sin is the law, as saith the Apostle; then that moment that we savingly believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, we pass from death unto life, and the sentence of death which was passed on us as sinners, is then passed from us to the sin that is within us; as it is written, he hath condemned sin in the flesh. Therefore when death comes to the believer, it is only to destroy his sin, and open to him the gate of endless bliss; for death has been conquered by the Saviour, and therefore he only sends him to his beloved ones, as his own messenger, to free them from the bondage of corruption and the chains of sin,

that they may soar away from sorrow and death, and be blessed by the light of his smiles for ever in the mansions of his glory above. Therefore we ought not to fear death ; because to those who are at peace with God, and who are one with him through Jesus, and one with Jesus through the sacred influence of the Holy Spirit, death will neither have the power to hurt or to destroy. Let us look at him as he approaches in the worst of forms, backed on by a very demon in human shape. Yon poor black Christian, poor Uncle Tom, see how nobly he encounters the monster ! " Well, Tom," said Legree, walking up to him, and grimly seizing him by the collar of his coat, and speaking through his teeth in a paroxysm of determined rage, " do you know that I have made up my mind to kill you ? " " It is very likely, massa," said Tom calmly ; " do the worst you can, my troubles will soon be over ; but if ye don't repent, yours won't never end." There was one hesitating pause, one irresolute relenting thrill, and the spirit of evil came back with sevenfold vehemence ; and Legree, foaming

with rage, smote his victim to the ground: but neither degradation, insult, stripes, suffering, nor blood, could make the Christian's last struggle less than glorious. There stood by him One, seen by him alone, like unto the Son of God. The tempter stood by him too, blinded by furious despotic will, every moment pressing him to spurn that agony by the betrayal of the innocent; but the brave true heart was firm on the eternal rock, like his Master; he knew that if he saved others, himself he could not save. "He's most gone, massa," said Sambo, touched in spite of himself at the patience of his victim. "Pay away, till he gives up, give it to him," shouted Legree. "I'll take every drop of blood he has, unless he confesses." Tom opened his eyes, and looked upon his master; "Ye poor miserable critter," he said, "there an't no more ye can do; I forgive ye with all my soul;" and he fainted entirely away. "I believe he's done for finally," said Legree, stepping forward to look at him. "Yes, he is! Well, his móuth's shut up at last, that's one comfort." "Not such a comfort

as you think for yet, Legree, for Tom is not dead yet; he has not yet left the regions of sorrow, suffering, and death, but he is only waiting to receive an answer to the prayer of faith, to hear of long-lost much-loved friends, receive his freedom from slavery, and obtain the victory over death, and he will soar away to a better and a brighter world." But who is this young man that is hastily throwing the reins on the horses' necks, and inquiring with trembling haste for the owner of the place? O it is Master George Shelby, as though commissioned from above he hastily brings to poor Tom the news of distant friends, from whom he has long prayed to hear, and though late he now receives an answer to these prayers. Let us follow Mr. George to the shed, where bruised and bleeding poor Uncle Tom is waiting his arrival. Sick at heart, as Mr. George entered the shed, he exclaimed, "Is it possible, is it possible, Uncle Tom, my poor old friend!" Something in the voice penetrated to the ear of the dying, he gently moved his head, smiled, and said,

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.

Tears, which did honour to his manly heart, fell from the young man's eyes as he bent over his poor friend. "O dear Uncle Tom, do wake! do speak once more! Look up; here's Mas'r George, your own little Mas'r George; don't you know me?" "Mas'r George," said Tom, opening his eyes, and speaking in a feeble voice, "Mas'r George!"—He looked bewildered; slowly the idea seemed to fill his soul, the vacant eye became fixed and brightened, the whole face lighted up, the hard hand clasped, and tears ran down the cheeks. "Bless the Lord, it is, its all I wanted—they haven't forgot me, it warms my soul, it does my heart good—now I shall die content. Bless the Lord, O my soul!" "You shan't die, you mustn't die, nor think of it; I've come to buy you, and take you home," said Mr. George, with impetuous vehemence. "O Mas'r George, ye're too late; the Lord bought me, and is going to take me home; and I long to go, heaven is better than Kintuck." "O don't die! it kills me, it'll

break my heart to think what you've suffered, and lying in this old shed here, poor, poor fellow." "Don't call me poor fellow," said Tom solemnly; "I have been poor fellow, but that's all past and gone now; I'm right in the door going into glory. O Mas'r George, heaven has come! I've got the victory, the Lord Jesus Christ has given it me, glory be to his name." And O, what a victory it was that the Lord had given to poor Uncle Tom! it was the victory over suffering, slavery, sin, and death. But he has a few more words to say ere he departs to glory. Let us listen to them. Mr. George, awe-struck at the force and the vehemence with which Tom had spoken, sat gazing in silence beside his dying friend. Tom grasped his hand, and continued: "Ye mustn't tell Chloe, poor soul, how ye found me, 'twould be so drefful to her; only tell her ye found me going into glory, and that I couldn't stay for no one; and tell her that the Lord stood by me every where, and made every thing light and easy; and O, the poor children! tell 'em all to follow me. Give my love to



Mas'r and Missis, and every body in the place ; pears like, I love 'em all, I love every creature. O Mas'r George, what a glorious thing 'tis to be a Christian ! " At this moment Legree sauntered up to the door of the shed, looked in with a dogged air of affected carelessness, and turned away. " The old satan," said George in his indignation, " it's a comfort to think the devil will pay him for this some of these days." " O don't," said Tom, grasping his hand, " he's a poor mis'able critter ! O, if he would only repent, the Lord would forgive him now ! but I fear he never will." " I hope he won't," said George, " I never want to see him in heaven." " Hush ! Mas'r George, it worries me ; don't feel so ; he an't done me no real harm, only opened the gate of heaven for me, that's all." At this moment, the flash of strength which the joy of meeting his young master had given the dying man gave way, he closed his eyes, and that mysterious and sublime change passed over his face which told the approach of other worlds. He began to draw his breath with long, deep respiration, and his broad

chest rose and fell heavily, but the expression of his face was that of a conqueror. "Who, who shall separate us from the love of Christ!" he said, in a voice that contended with mortal weakness; and with a smile he fell asleep, or rather, he entered into glory! O the sweet thought of the poet!

One gentle sigh the fetter breaks,
We scarce can say it's gone,
Before the ransom'd spirit takes
Its station near the throne.

Why then should we, who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, fear the monster death? to us he can do no harm. At Stratford-le-Bow, in the days of Queen Mary, there was a stake erected for the burning of two martyrs; one of them was a lame man, and the other a blind man. When the fire was lit, the lame man threw away his staff; and turning round, said to the blind man, Courage, brother, this fire will cure us both. We might almost say the same of death, for it will set us free from sorrow, sin, and pain, and open to us the gates of that happy world, where the in-

habitants say they are not sick, but bask for ever beneath the full splendour of eternal day; blooming with health and immortality, crowned with glory, filled with purity, felicity, and peace. O ye who know not the Lord Jesus Christ, seek him now; for to know God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent, is life eternal. Would you be a conqueror over satan, sin, and death, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt wave the palm branch of victory over them for ever and ever. Soar up with the poet to yon bright worlds of bliss, and

See the ransom'd millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand;
This before the throne their strain,
Hell is vanquish'd, death is slain.

Blessing, honour, glory, might,
Are the conqueror's native right;
Thrones and powers before him fall,
Lamb of God, and Lord of all.

But mark, as they cast their blood-bought crowns of unfading glory before the mighty Conqueror's feet, who gave them the victory, they cry, "Not unto us, but unto Him who

loved us, and gave Himself for us, and I
redeemed us to God by his blood, be glc
honour, and blessing, for ever and eve
It was Him who gave them the victo
through faith in his blood; and He who g
that victory to them, is as able and will
to give it to as many more as seek it at
hands. Why then do we not all seek
Tainted by the sin and ruined by the fall
the first Adam, why do we not all seek
be raised to glory, honour, immortality, &
life by the second Adam, the Lord fr
heaven?

Adam in God's own image formed,
From God and bliss estranged;
The pure delights of Paradise
For guilt and death exchanged.

O fatal heritage, bequeathed
To all his helpless race!
Through the dark maze of sin and woe,
Thus to the grave we pass.

But O, my soul, with rapture hear
The second Adam's name,
And the celestial gifts he brings,
To all his seed proclaim.



In holiness and joy complete,
He reigns to endless years ;
And each adopted chosen child
His splendid image wears.

What though in mortal life they mourn ;
What though by death they fall ;
Jesus in one triumphant day
Transforms and crowns them all.

Praise to his rich mysterious grace,
E'en by our fall we rise ;
And gain for earthly Eden lost,
A heavenly Paradise.

DODDRIDGE.

May we this heavenly Paradise gain,
through the rich merits of his atoning blood !
It was the Saviour's complaint in the days
of his flesh, " Ye will not come unto me,
that ye might have life." O let it not be his
complaint concerning us ; for although he
came not to condemn the world, but that
the world through him might be saved ;
yet if we reject him, and turn a deaf ear
to the voice of his infinite love, it will be
to seal our own destruction, because it is
the condemning sin under the Gospel ; and

this is the condemnation, that light come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. Therefore let not this awful condemnation rest on us; but now let us accept the offers of his mercy, lest we be for ever vanquished from glory, happiness and bliss, by the thunders of his wrath, darkness, horror, and despair. O reader, hast thou embraced the offers of his grace and fled to him as thy only refuge, and hope of salvation? O, if thou hast not, seek him without procrastination or delay; for there is no other name given under heaven whereby we can be saved.

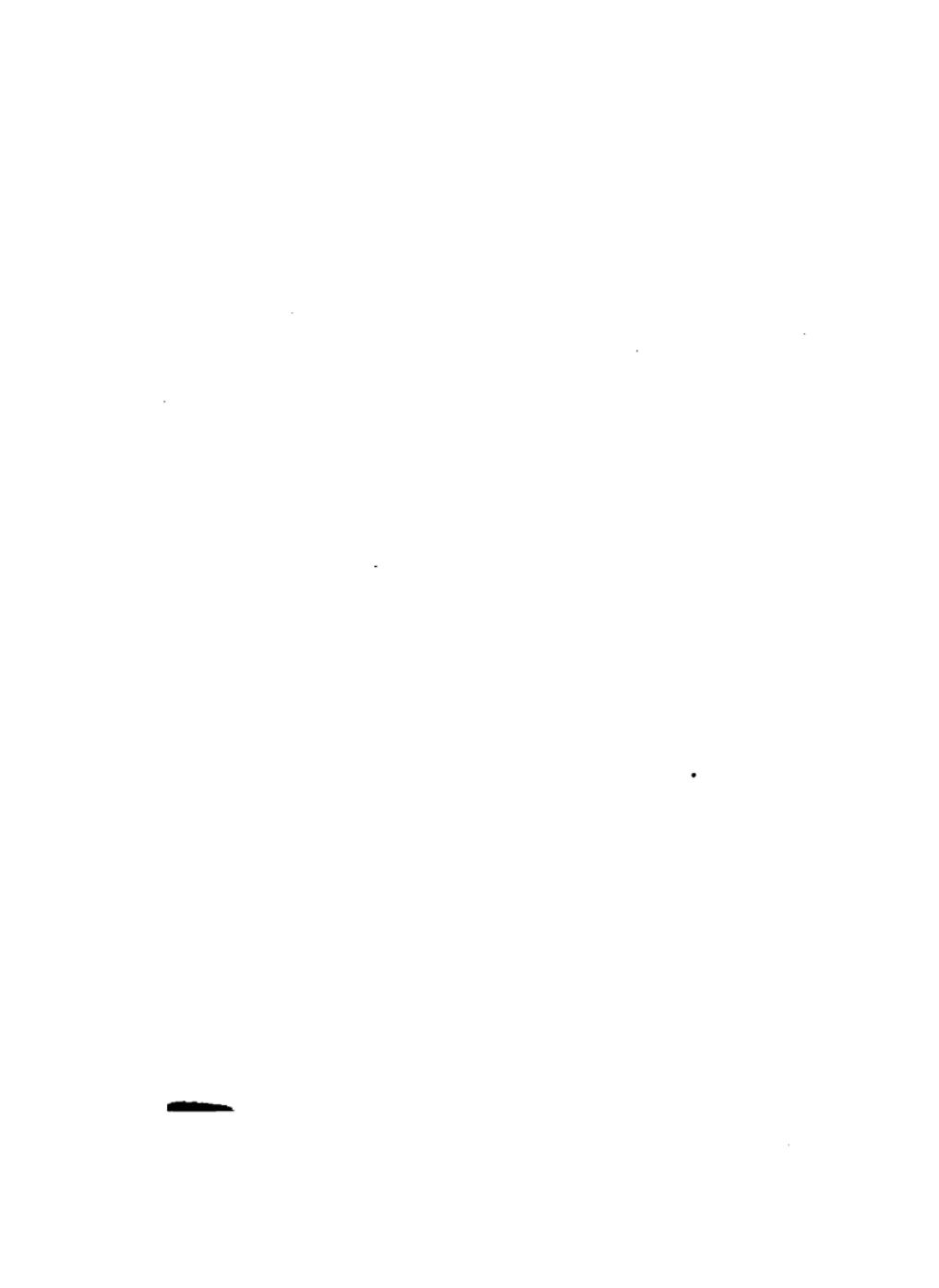
Let not conscience make you linger;
Ne'er of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is, to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

View him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground the Saviour lies;
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinner, will not this suffice.

Lo, th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

And now, O thou Spirit of the Most High, look with the eye of infinite compassion, I beseech thee, alike on the hesitating, the careless, and the indifferent ! Descend in all thy plenitude of grace, and sweetly draw reluctant hearts to Him, who is the source of life, the antidote of death, and the way to Paradise, to bliss, and God ! And to thy Name shall be the glory !

THE END.





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